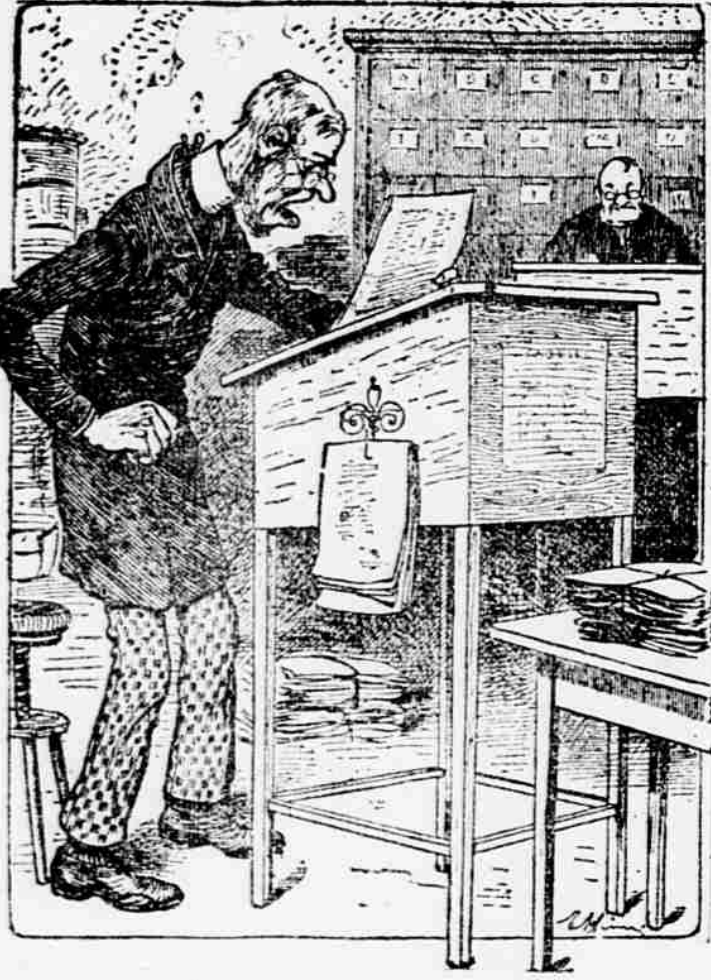
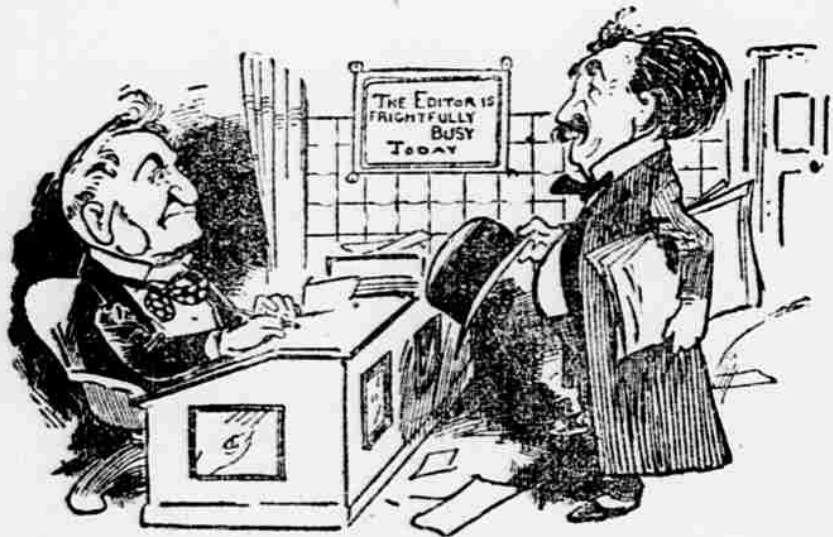


A STORY THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.



Sparrish (studying the census report): "Holy pokers! Here is a table showing that the meat consumed in this country amounts to one pound a day for each individual. Now, if I can catch the murdering thief that's been eating my pound I'll sue him!"—Der Wahre Jakob.



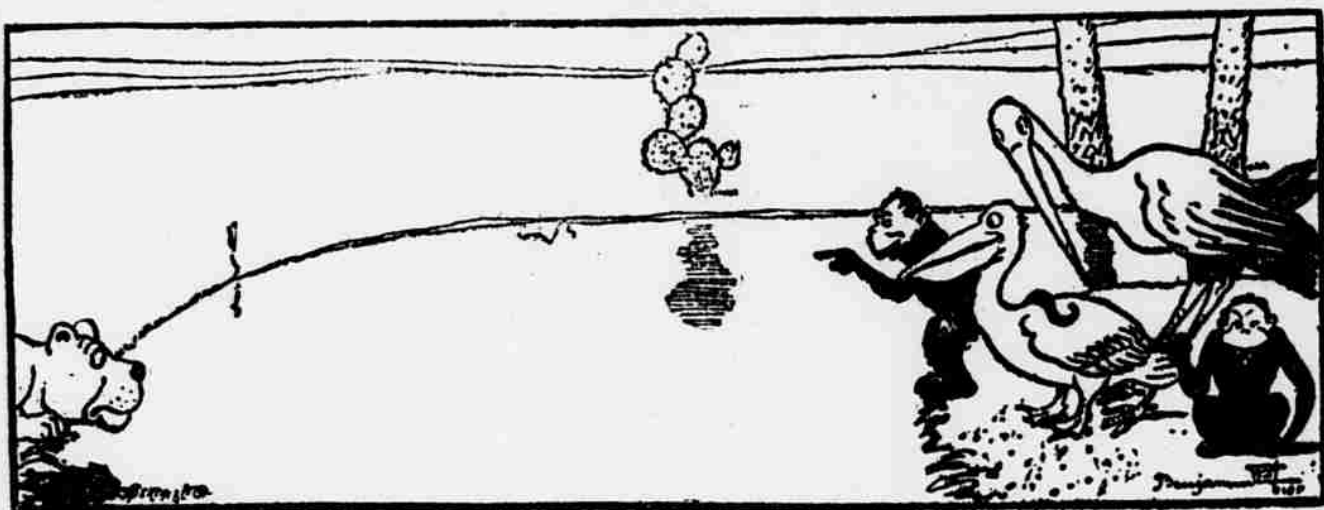
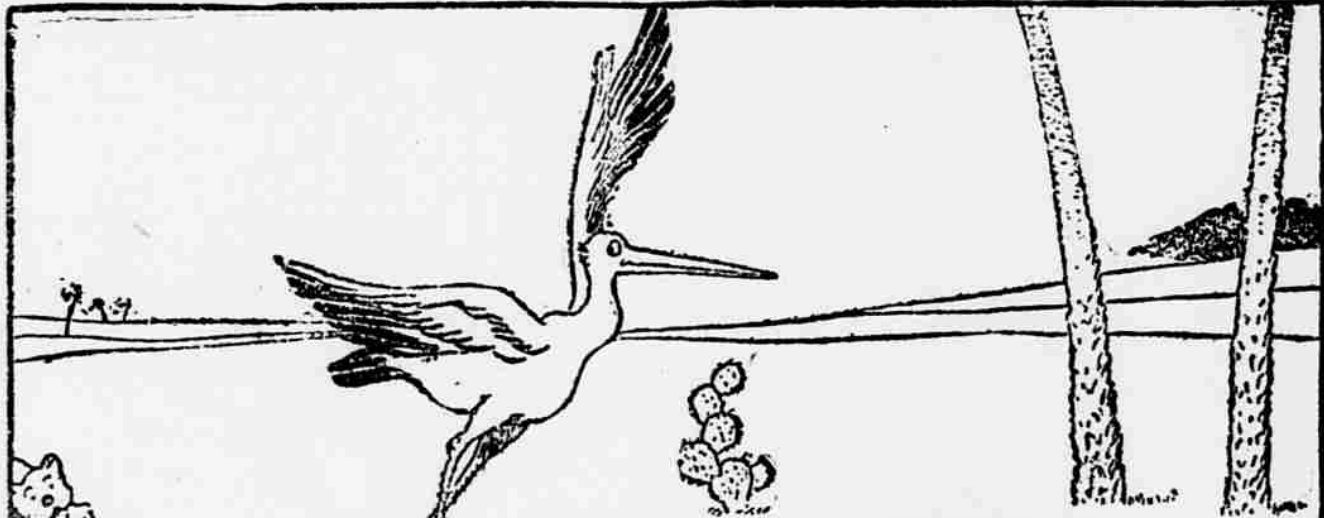
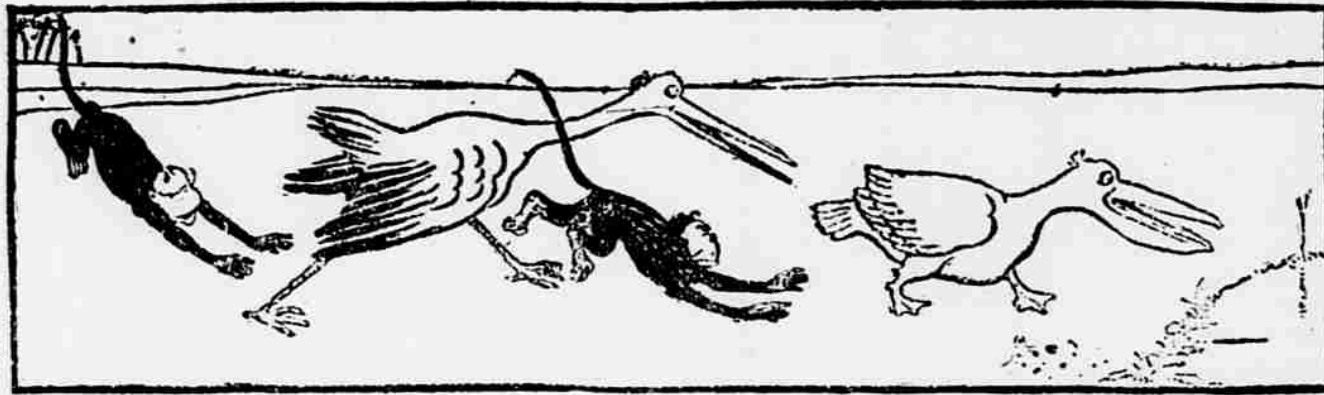
Long-Suffering Editor (to consequential and persistent applicants): "You say you can write about anything?" Applicant: "I can, sir." Editor: "Then right about face, please!"—Ally Sloper.



Whiskered Individual (to retiring and meek stranger): "I've just had to punch a man's head for talking blamed rot about Buller. What do YOU think about Buller, sir?"—Punch.



Miss Short: "Isn't my name an absurd misfit, Mr. Long?" Mr. Long (thoughtlessly): "Yes, rather. If you could have mine it would be all right, wouldn't it?" Miss Short: "Oh, Mr. Long, this is so sudden!"—Punch.



Franks of Fidd's Furnace.

"Was but last fall that Hiram Fidd Went out and bought a furnace. He told his wife: 'This winter, now, The cold will not concern us.'"

He smiled a gleeful smile and then, Went on, "The man who sold it Assured me that no residence Could be too big to hold it."

"Because, when once 'twas firmly set, Or, maybe, when 'twas seated, The territory all around Would be completely heated."

But, listen how the furnace had The stendishness of Nero. It simply dropped its head and quit When things got down to zero.

At 7 in the morning, when The Fidds were all arising, The cold air from the furnace poured In manner frigidizing.

At 8 o'clock old Fidd went down And made the clinkers scamper, He shoveled on a lot of coal And opened up the damper.

At 9 o'clock a feeble blaze Did in the embers smolder. At 10 o'clock, if anything, The house was somewhat colder.

At 11 brought a shivering whiff Of heat that was right pleasing, But noon was still disconsolate, And everything was freezing.

At 1 p. m. old Fidd went down To cuss at it and scold it, At 2 and 3 and 4 o'clock And 5 o'clock he cooled it.

At 6 the family sat down To eat a chilly dinner, To eat a chilly dinner, To eat a chilly dinner.

At 7 Fidd was saying things That would disgrace a sinner. At 8 he thought of how he bought The furnace with much haggling, At 9 his daughter went to bed To slumber in her raglan.

At 10 there came a blast of heat From radiators pouring, It saw it hotter yet, And shivering the flooring.

At 11 found the warmth With vigor unabated, Old Fidd threw open windows then And things were ventilated.

By midnight there were smoke and flames From out the cellar swelling, And 1 a. m. their little home Was but a ruined dwelling.

But Fidd was glad. He said the heat Rewarded all his labors, He got a good insurance sum And warmed up all his neighbors. —Baltimore American.

An Irish Bull.

In the way of a thoroughgoing "bull" the following is very hard to beat. A certain club in the west of Ireland had among its members a certain discontented minority who were continually finding fault with the arrangements made by the committee. One of the malcontents on one occasion, after calling at the clubroom, left the following angry note on the board for the perusal of the committee: "Gentlemen, the hot water in the lavatory is perfectly cold; there is no cold water, as the tap is turned off at the main; there are no tips on any of the

billiard cues, except one that is broken and of no use; the daily newspapers are constantly being mislaid, and the light is so bad that we can't read them."

He Was Sick.

"That boy of mine has got to turn over a new leaf," declared the well-known citizen, who, it is doubtful, really knows how much he is worth. "It isn't so much a question of money as it is teaching him its value. He has been away most of the summer, and the letters he has written home have been short, but to the point—more money. 'Growing tired at last of his repeated demands upon my purse I ceased replying to them. Inside of two weeks I received three more demands, but ignored them all. Then he wired me, and I made no answer. 'Send money quick. Am sick,' he wired again."

"With what?" I telegraphed back. "With waiting for cash," he answered, collect.

"He got it. But I am going to have a talk with him when he gets back. It is time that he was doing something else besides spending money."—Detroit Free Press.

Waiting.

I patiently stood in the telephone booth, And shouted again and again; But although I politely appealed for a switch, I politely appealed all in vain.

At last a strange murmur came over the phone, A sort of guttural, which Convinced me I might as well give up the quest.

For the girl was asleep at the switch. —Portland Oregonian.

How Does Doctor Hale Himself Do It?

Cattle: "Edward Everett Hale says we should all talk every day with some one we know to be our superior."

Tattle: "I wonder how the unmarried men contrive to do it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Doubt About It.

Mistress: "Did you tell that lady I was out?" Servant Girl: "Yes, ma'am."

Mistress: "Did she seem to have any doubt about it?" Servant Girl: "No, ma'am; she said she knew you wasn't."—Answers.

The Moon Knows Its Business.

Swiftly flew the sleigh, with its two occupants, down the wide boulevard. The moon, which had been behind a cloud, peeped out from one corner of it.

"Mabel," whispered the young man, "look in my eyes, dear. What do they say?" "According to my reading of them, Mr. Harry Billmore," the maiden saucily answered, "they say nothing; they haven't said, I am sure, to a dozen other girls."

"Then read between the lines," he said, throwing his left arm carelessly around her. Whereupon the moon discreetly went behind the cloud again.—Chicago Tribune.

Not His Christmas Present.

"Don't you ever regret your past?" inquired the prison missionary. "No," replied the hardened convict; "it's me present that worries me most."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak: "Did you say he is a man of stable habits?" Mr. Crimmonbeak: "Yes; he kicks like a mule."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Dustman.

Have you seen the wonderful sleepy man, Who lives in the hollow grey? Every night as the clock strikes six He starts upon his way.

Rumble, rumble upon the road, Over the stony sleep, You can hear him singing his drowsy song Before you fall asleep:

"Children big and children small, Children young and old, I'm the wonderful sleepy man, I'm the dustman bold.

Come o'er the path that ev'ry night Tired feet have trod; Come by the hollow of Sleepy-land, Straight to the land of Nod."

And far away, like an echo sweet, I can hear the dustman's bell, And the hurrying rush of tiny feet, As they scramble in pell-mell.

The dust clouds blow in the sleepy eyes, And dust in the tired brain, Hushed by the drowsy strain:

"Children big and children small, Children young and old, I'm the wonderful sleepy man, I'm the dustman bold.

Come o'er the path that ev'ry night Tired feet have trod; Come by the hollow of Sleepy-land, Straight to the land of Nod."

And what they see I may not tell, None but the children know; But I hear them laugh in their happy dreams.

And I see their cheeks aglow, And just as the sun peeps up again, And the birds begin to sing, Back to the dustman's cart they flock, Back to their mother's wing.

"Children big and children small, Children young and old, I'm the wonderful sleepy man, I'm the dustman bold.

Come o'er the path that ev'ry night Tired feet have trod; Come by the hollow of Sleepy-land, Straight to the land of Nod." —Ladies Field.

Common Fault in Sermons.

Little Arthur had been at church. "How did you like the sermon?" asked his sister.

"Pretty well," responded the youthful critic. "The beginning was very good, and so was the end, but it had too much middle."—Stray Stories.

The Spelling Fad.

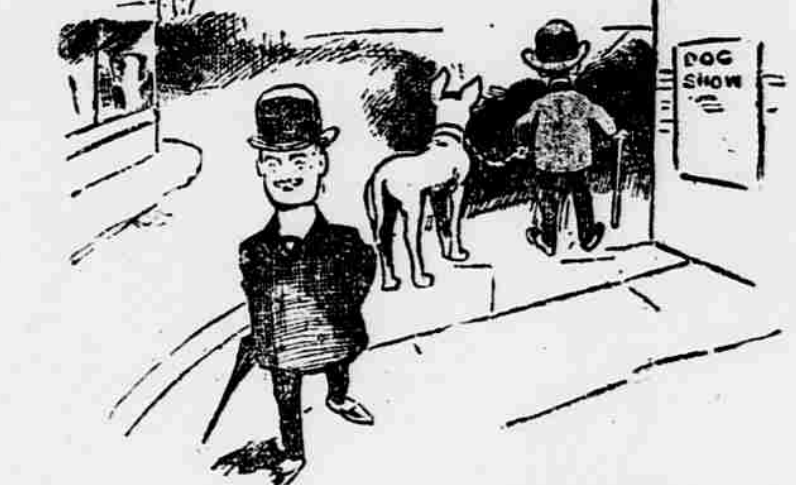
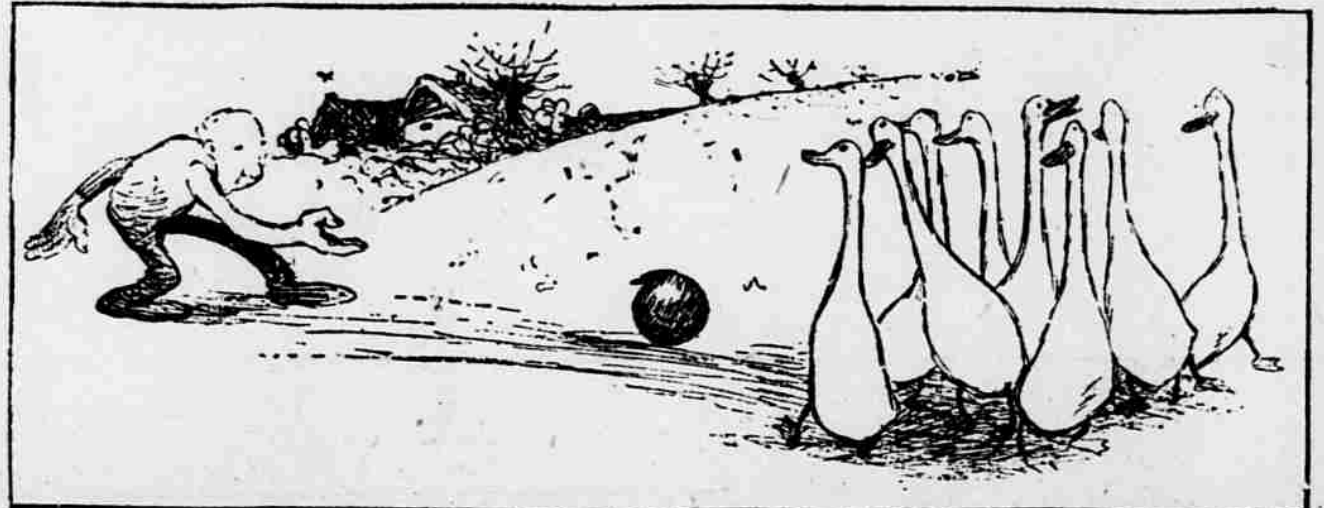
Kind Lady: "What is your name, little girl?" Little Girl: "My name is Mame-M-a-y-m-e."

Kind Lady: "And the name of your dog?" Little Girl: "His name is Fido-P-h-y-d-o-u-g-h."

She: "Oh, I just love agriculture! Don't you?" He: "No; it always seems to be getting in my way. I'm learning to run an automobile, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

"Why do you bring this to me?" thundered the weary editor, thrusting the MS. back into the hands of the poet. "Because," replied the bard, timidly, "I have no stamp."—Boston Post.

THE BOWLING CRAZE—IN THE COUNTRY.



Folk thought that Jimson was a fool to sell his big dog so cheaply to his bitter rival, Slupson.



But the next day, when they both tried to accompany the object of their affection, all that Jimson had to do was to say



"Homal Fente!" —Ally Sloper.



Visitor: "Well, Joy, I am glad to see that you are not at all shy." Joy: "Oh, no; I am not shy now, thank you. But I was very shy when I was born!" —Punch.



Mrs. Griggs: "Now, William, do be keeful o' them there things."—London King.